

# TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of the "Tarzan" Stories and the "Martian" Stories

## THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarzan, the ape-man, known in civilized life as Lord Greystoke, learns that his wife, Jane, is in a city. He locates her in a forgotten city, hears a priest insult her, loses consciousness, and is found by a creature who is a gryf, a creature which is a cross between a griffin and a lion.

## AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TO THE opposite side of the chamber, the gryf, a creature of a dismembered soul, the swift jungle creature moved along the path of the charging Titan. The gryf, guided solely in the semi-darkness by its keen ears, bore down upon the spot toward which Tarzan's noisy entrance into its lair had attracted it.

Along the further wall he now appeared the black opening of the corridor from which the beast had emerged into the larger chamber. Without hesitation Tarzan plunged into it. Even here his eyes, long accustomed to darkness that would have seemed to you or to me, saw dimly the floor and the walls within a radius of a few feet—enough at least to prevent him plunging into any unguessed abyss, or dashing himself upon solid rock at a fatal angle.

The corridor was both wide and lofty, which indeed it must be to accommodate the colossal proportions of the creature whose habitat it was. And so Tarzan moved on with a feeling of ease and confidence, his speed along its winding trail.

He was aware as he proceeded that the trail of the passage was downward, though not steeply, but it seemed interminable and he wondered to what distant subterranean lair it might lead. There was a feeling that perhaps after all he might better have remained in the larger chamber and risked all on the chance of subduing the gryf while there was at least a faint light and some light to lead to the experiment some slight chance of success. To be overtaken here in the narrow confines of the black corridor, where he was now, would spell almost certain death, and now he heard the thing approaching from behind. Its shuffling, shuffling, shuffling, the gryf, the creature which the cavernous chambers were excavated. To halt and meet this monstrous incarnation of fury with a futile whoop would be to court the height of insanity and so he continued along the corridor, increasing his pace as he realized that the gryf was overtaking him.

Presently the darkness lessened and at the final turning of the passage he saw before him an area of moonlight. With renewed hope he sprang rapidly forward and emerged from the mouth of the corridor to find himself in a large circular enclosure, the towering white walls of which rose high upon every side—smooth, perpendicular walls upon the sheer face of which was no slightest foothold. To his left lay a pool of water, one side of which lapped the foot of the wall at this point.

And now the creature emerged from the corridor and Tarzan retreated to the edge of the pool to make his last stand. There was no staff with which to enforce the authority of his voice, but yet he made his stand, for there seemed naught else to do. Just beyond the entrance to the pool the gryf stood, turning its weak eyes in all directions as though searching for its prey. This then seemed the psychological moment for his attempt and, raising his voice in a peremptory command, the ape-man voiced the weird whoop of the Tor-o-don. Its effect upon the gryf was instantaneous and complete—with a terrific bellow it lowered its three horns and dashed madly in the direction of the sound.

To right not to left was any avenue of escape, for behind him lay the placid waters of the pool, while down upon him from before thundered annihilation. The mighty body seemed already to tower above him as the ape-man turned and dove into the dark waters.

Dead in her breast lay hope. Battling for life during harrowing months of imprisonment and danger and hardship it had flitted flickered and flamed only to sink after each renewal to smaller proportions than before and now it had died out entirely, leaving only cold, charred embers that Jane Clayton knew would never again be kindled.

Hope was dead as she faced Lu-don, the high priest, in her prison quarters in the Temple of the Gryf at A-lur. Both time and hardship had failed to leave their impress upon her physical beauty—the contours of her perfect form, the glow of her radiant loveliness had defied them, yet to these very attributes she owed the danger which now confronted her, for Lu-don desired her. From the lesser priests she had been safe, but from Lu-don she was not safe, for Lu-don was not as they, since the high priesthood of Pal-ul-don may descend from father to son.

Ko-tan, the king, had wanted her and all that had so far saved her from either was the fear of each for the other, but at last Lu-don had cast aside discretion and had come in the silent watches of the night to claim her. Haughtily she had repulsed him, seeking ever to gain time, though what time might bring her of relief or remotely conjecture. A fear of lust and greed shone hungrily upon his cruel countenance as he advanced across the room to seize her. She did not shrink or cover, but stood there very erect, with her chin up, her level gaze freighted with the looking and contempt she felt for him. He read her expression and while it angered him, it but increased his desire for possession. He but treated a queen, perhaps a goddess; his mate for the high priest.

"You shall not!" she said as he would have touched her. "One of us shall die before your purpose is accomplished."

He was close beside her now. His laugh grated upon her ears. "Love does not kill," he replied mockingly. He reached for her arm and at the same instant something eluded against the bars of one of the windows, crashing then toward the floor, to the human figure which dived headfirst into the room, leaving behind it the skin window hangings which it carried with it in its impetuous entry.

Jane Clayton saw surprise and something of terror, too, leap to the countenance of the high priest and then she saw her thought that depended from the ceiling of the apartment. Instantly there dropped from above a cunningly contrived partition that fell between them and the intruder, effectually barring him from them and at the same time leaving him to grope upon its opposite side in darkness, since the only light the room contained was upon their side of the partition.

Faintly from beyond the wall Jane heard a voice calling, but whose it was she could not tell. Then she saw Lu-don jerk upon another thought and wait in expectancy of some consequent happening. He did not have long to wait.

She saw the thing move suddenly as though jerked from above and then Lu-don in motion whatever machinery it was that raised the partition again to its place in the ceiling.

the floor and, down tilting a section of it, revealed the dark mouth of a shaft leading below. Laughing loudly, he shouted into the hole: "Return to thy father, O Dor-ul-Otho!"

Making fast the catch that prevented the trap-door from opening beneath the feet of the unwary until such time as Lu-don chose the high priest rose again to his feet.

"Now, Beautiful One!" he cried, and then: "Ja-don! what do you here?"

Jane Clayton turned to follow the direction of Lu-don's eyes and there she saw framed in the entrance-way to the apartment the sinister figure of a warrior, upon whose massive features sat an expression of stern and uncompromising authority.

"I come from Ko-tan, the king," replied Ja-don, "to remove the beautiful stranger to the Forbidden Garden."

"The king desires me, the high priest of Ja-don-Otho?" cried Lu-don.

"It is the king's command—I have spoken," snapped Ja-don, in whose manner was no sign of either fear or respect for the priest.

Lu-don well knew why the king had chosen this messenger whose heresy was notorious, but whose power had as yet proved of little avail in the machinations of the priest. Lu-don cast a surreptitious glance at the things hanging from the ceiling. Why not? If he could but maneuver to entice Ja-don to the opposite side of the door.

"Come," he said in a conciliatory tone, "let us discuss the matter, and moved toward the spot where he would have Ja-don follow him."

"There is nothing to discuss," replied Ja-don, yet he followed the priest, fearing treachery.

Jane watched them. In the face and figure of the warrior she beheld those admirable traits of courage and honor that the profession of arms best develops. In the hypocritical priest there was no redeeming quality. Of the two then she might best choose the warrior. With him there was a chance—

—with Lu-don, none. Even the very prospect of exchange from one prison to another might offer some possibility of escape. She weighed all these things and decided, for Lu-don's quick glance at the things had not gone unnoticed nor uninterpreted by her.

"Warrior," she said, addressing Ja-don, "if you would live enter not that portion of the room."

Lu-don cast an angry glance upon her. "Silence, slave," he cried.

"And where lies the danger?" Ja-don asked of Jane, ignoring Lu-don.

"Look," she said, and before the high priest could prevent she had seized that which controlled the partition which shot downward separating Lu-don from the warrior and the priest.

Ja-don looked inquiringly at her. "He would have tricked me neatly but for you," he said; "kept me imprisoned there while he secreted you elsewhere in the maze of his temple."

"He would have done more than that," replied Jane, as she pulled upon the other thing. "This releases the fastenings of a trapdoor in the floor beyond the partition. When you stepped on that you would have been precipitated into a pit beneath the temple. Lu-don has threatened me with this fate often. I do not know that he speaks the truth, but he says that a demon of the temple is imprisoned there—a huge gryf."

"There is a gryf within the temple," said Ja-don. "What with it and the sacrifices, the priests keep us busy supplying them with prisoners, though the sacrifices are sometimes those for whom Lu-don has conceived hatred among our own people. He has had his eyes upon me for a long time. This would have been his chance but for her. Tell me, woman, why you waited me. Are we not all equally your jailers and your enemies?"

"None could be more horrible than Lu-don," she replied. "And you have the appearance of a brave and honorable warrior. I could not hope, for hope has died, and yet there is the possibility that among so many fighting men, even though they be of another race than mine, there is one who would accord honorable treatment to a stranger within his gates—even though she be a woman."

Ja-don looked at her for a long minute. "Ko-tan would make you his queen," he said. "That he told me himself and surely that were honorable treatment from one who might make you a slave."

"Why, then, would he make me queen?" she asked.

Ja-don came closer as though in fear his words might be overheard. "He believes, although he did not tell me so in fact, that you are of the race of gods. And why not? Ja-don-Otho is tall, slender, therefore it is not strange that Ko-tan should suspect that only the gods are thus. His queen is dead leaving only a single daughter. He craves a son and what more desirable than that he should found a line of rulers for Pal-ul-don descended from the gods?"

"But I am already wed," cried Jane. "I cannot wed another. I do not want him or his throne."

"Ko-tan is king," replied Ja-don simply as though that explained and simplified everything.

"You will not save me then?" she asked.

"If you were in Ja-lur," he replied, "I might protect you, even against the king."

"What and where is Ja-lur?" she asked, grasping at any straw.

"It is the city where I rule," he answered. "I am chief there and of all the valley beyond."

"Where is it?" she insisted, and, "is it far?"

"No," he replied, smiling. "It is not far, but do not think of that—you could never reach it. There are too many to pursue and capture you. If you wish to know, however, it lies upon the river that empties into Ja-don-lul whose waters kiss the walls of A-lur—up the western fork it lies with water upon three sides. The formidable city of Pal-ul-don—alone of all the cities it has never been entered by a foe since it was built there while Ja-don-Otho was a boy."

"And there I would be safe?" she asked.

"Perhaps," he replied.

Ah, dear Lu-don! upon what slender provocation would you seek to glow again! She sighed and shook her head, realizing the futility of hope—yet the tempting bait dangled before her mind's eye—Ja-lur!

"You are wise," commented Ja-don interpreting her sigh. "Come now, we will go to the quarters of the princess beside the Forbidden garden. There you will remain with O-lo-g, the king's daughter. It will be better than this prison you have occupied."

"And Ko-tan?" she asked, a shudder passing through her slender frame.

"There are ceremonies," explained Ja-don, "that may occupy several days before you become queen, and one of them may be difficult of arrangement." He laughed, then.

"What?" she asked.

"Only the high priest may perform the marriage ceremony for a king," he explained.

Delay! She murmured, "blessed delay!" Tenuous indeed of life is hope even though it be reduced to cold and lifeless char—a veritable phoenix.

Advancing into that portion of the room that the partition had shut off from them, the high priest knelt upon

the floor and, down tilting a section of it, revealed the dark mouth of a shaft leading below. Laughing loudly, he shouted into the hole: "Return to thy father, O Dor-ul-Otho!"

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## THE GUMPS—The Sage of Shady Rest

By Sidney Smith

"I DON'T SEE HOW ANYBODY CAN LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS ALL THEIR LIFE—I JUST COME OUT HERE AND SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS SO I'LL GO BACK HOME AND LIKE THE CITY BETTER."

"IS THAT SO?"

"WELL—COMING FROM YOU IT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED—ONE OF THESE FLAT CHESTED SLABSIDED GUYS THAT SLEEP ON A RADIATOR IN THE WINTER AND CARRIES A PARASOL AROUND WITH HIM IN THE SUMMER—ONE OF THESE HOT-HOUSE PLANTS—IF YOU WANT A BREEZE YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO AN ELECTRIC FAN—EVERYTHING ARTIFICIAL—"

## SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Can's Millionaire Friend

By Hayward

"YOU DRIVE WONDERFULLY! IN TOWN I GENERALLY DRIVE MY 'BUDGE SEDAN OR MY 'SUET-SIX'—THEY ARE SO EASY TO HANDLE IN TRAFFIC—BUT FOR GO—I GET OUT THE GOOD OLD 'BOLLS BOYCE'!"

"I LEFT MY CHAUFFEUR BACK IN INDIA! I GET SO BORED RIDING IN BACK! I DRIVE SIX CABS—MUST HAVE THE CHANGE, Y'KNOW—NOTHING LIKE A CHANGE OF CABS TO KILL THE MONOTONY—USED TO TRY TO GET ALONG WITH TWO, BUT BLAST ME IF IT WASN'T ABOUT AS LIVELY AS BEING SIX FEET UNDER!"

"AS I LIVE! LUNCH!"

"I NEVER SEE MISS O'FLAGE NO MORE—I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE I'M STAYIN' AT A LITTLE BOARDIN' HOUSE AND SHE'S AT THE SWEET HOTEL. GEE, I GOT A CANOE, TOO, I HAVE!"

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## The Young Lady Across the Way

By Fontaine Fox

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